Eng. Poetry vol 20

# HONESTY

## THE BEST

# POLICY

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# HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

*——Levius fit Patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

## ALSO THE COUNTRY SEAT, OR A DESCRIPTION OF LANGDON,

One of the Seats of

SHILSTON CALMADY, *Esq;*

Situate near *PLYMOUTH* in the County of *DEVON.*

*LONDON:*
Printed for *James Roberts* at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane.* 1725. Price

# HONESTY
## THE BEST
# POLICY.

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Secura in Patrocinio principis confugere est optima.

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ALSO THE

## COUNTRY SEAT,
OR A DESCRIPTION OF
# LANGDON,
One of the Seats of
## SHILSTON CALMADY, Esq;

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Sworn Men PLYMOUTH in [illegible] of DEVON.

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LONDON:
Printed for James Roberts at the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane. 1715.

# *HONESTY the beſt Policy.*

*——Levius fit Patientiâ quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.*

BLeſt are the Men, in Virtues Paths that tread,
Not ſway'd by Faction, nor by Knaves miſled,
To their Pretenſions, ſtrictly that adhere,
Scorn the Diſguiſes, that Diſſemblers wear,
And durſt be known unmodiſhly ſincere.
Too oft our Manners like our Cloaths we ſhift,
An half Years Suit of each is faſhionable Thrift.

The Ancient Worthy's ne'er their Duty's ſold,
Or pawn'd their Conſciences to ſave their Gold:

Virtue, as yet was not an Int'reſt made,
Nor trucking Souls for Wealth, become a Trade.
Firm, as her Rules, the Godlike Heroes ſtood
Sweetly Severe and obſtinately Good;
Deaf to rude Threats, or ſmooth perſwaſive Arts,
Unmov'd by Tears, and ſlighting worldly Smarts,
With pious care they learnt, and boldly play'd their Parts.
A Grace Majeſtick, and a Truth Divine
They ſaw, in ev'ry golden Precept, ſhine,
Where'er ſhe mov'd, the heavenly Syren charm'd,
And vicious Eaſe of all its Pow'rs diſarm'd:
Rob'd of its Sting, the gilded Poiſon lay,
Though tempting all, yet no one could betray;
If it aſſaulted, Conſcience gave th'alarm,
And Virtue ſoon repell'd th'intruding harm.
Merit and Wit in gen'rous Friendſhip dwelt,
Nor the Corruptions of proud Malice felt.
Then Flatt'ry trembled nor could Envy ſhow,
Or Luxury reſiſt the potent Foe;

She ſmote with Innocence with ſoftneſs ſlew
Brib'ry, and baffl'd ev'ry Beauteſeau.
Curſt Prejudice was now condemn'd to flight,
(Envy's Perſpective to miſguide the ſight)
So all had liberty of judging right.
Nor were they grown unwarrantably nice
In queſt of luſcious Names to ſweeten Vice;
But in plain Honeſty they train'd up Youth,
Not with dark Sophiſms to obſcure the Truth,
But wiſely let 'em know, the gawdieſt Dreſs,
Became not Truth, ſo well, as Nakedneſs:
There Zeal is honeſt, and good Faith deſign'd,
When We endeavour to conduct the Blind,
And rouſe up Reaſon from its lazy Trance,
Th' unhappy Lethargy of Ignorance;
She from this groſs Impediment, once freed
May boldly judge, and act, and others lead;
Thoſe, who this friendly aid, refuſe to grant,
Abuſe Religion, and good Manners want;

Beſides, one Miſer in the Head is worſe,
Than half a dozen Niggards in the Purſe,
For Knowledge is the means kind Heaven lends,
To ſmooth the rugged Path that thither tends.

Now every Coxcomb wracks his empty Pate
Forſooth, to mend the Errors of the State,
Big with conceit, He, in this furious Freak
Viſits the Academy thrice a Week,
Learns with a ſtudied Criticks Air to ſit,
And on his ſurly Brow impreſs his Wit,
Stung with the News he modiſhly grows mad,
Gently frets and ſolemnly looks ſad;
By his grave Phiz is tacitly confeſt,
The vaſt Concern, that labours in his Breaſt,
Then for his Cure muſt ſweetn'd Bev'rage drink
(For that corrects the Bitterneſs of Ink)
Beſides in Tea this Sovereign Virtue lies,
Whoever drinks thereof commences wiſe,

The ſmoaking Med'cine with a greedy Lip
He imbibes, with Politicks at ev'ry ſip;
Drinks off his Diſh, then more diſcerning grows,
And in a Trice with State Intrigues o'erflows;
All his dull Notions you muſt gravely hear,
(Nor can the Fop a Contradiction bear,)
Curſt with the Nonſenſe of this Party-Tool
If you oppoſe, you're Rude, if mute a Fool;
At laſt by ſome croſs Accident 'tis known
The Monſieur reads his Papers upſide down,
But right or wrong, what ſignifies the Name?
To ſome Capacities 'tis all the ſame,
If in his Chat you ſhould the Hero croſs
Out drops the Argument it is ſo Pos.
Thus to our ſhame We Criticks are become,
Gad after News, and ſlight Affairs at home,
Low grows our Stock, and now our Pockets ſtrain,
To purchaſe ſome rich Warehouſe in the Brain,
*Bacchus* conſents; our Troubles we forget,
Nor is it Time to think of parting yet,

One ſingle Guinea We may boldly ſcore,
We're worth more Pounds than Pence an hour before:
For fancied Caſh, We thus with real part,
But the next Morning for our folly ſmart,
Light weighs the Purſe, and heavier grows the Heart.
To buoy our Credit up new ways We try,
Tho' means be ne'er ſo baſe, We may comply,
For never Law was made againſt Neceſſity.

But 'ere We can an handſome profit reap,
Conſcience and Honour muſt be lull'd aſleep,
Yet to go Rich, ſome method let's invent,
A ſcore Years hence, 'tis early to repent;
Mean while the Bleſſing in th'enjoyment ſours,
And ſharp Anxiety our Peace devours,
Nor can our Slaves th'unwelcome Gueſt remove,
But winged Sorrow mounts the painted Roof.
Fleeter than Stags, or ſwifter than the Wind,
Tho' Man could run, yet ev'ry ſtep he'd find
Care keep true pace with his unſettl'd Mind.

If We'll be happy, lets reſign to Fate,
And the event with chearful Patience wait:
That ſafe dependance makes a large amends,
For loſs of Honours, Mony, Land, or Friends;
Let Virtue be our Guide, our Practice pure,
Since its Rewards illuſtrious are, and ſure;
Lets her ſound Rules 'bove Wealth or Titles prize,
Not duty to our Humour Sacrifice.
Let Whig and Tory drop their party Name,
Since it but ſerves the Nation to enflame,
And in this purpoſe happily unite,
To render every Man his lawful Right.
Lets to the Church a pious Rev'rence ſhow,
Not at her Sons malicious venom throw,
To her good Doctrine let us all ſubmit
And regulate our Faith by holy Writ,
No vain Obſtructions in this progreſs fear,
Firmly reſolve; and all will diſappear.

So when rude Boreas, whiſtling o'er the Main
Ruffles the ſurface of the liquid Plain,
A Thouſand momentary Hills ariſe
Show but their Heads, and vaniſh from our Eyes,
Spewing up angry foam, the ſurges roar,
And laſh with fierce attacks the ſtubborn Shoar,
The Rock unmov'd, the boaſting Foe defyes,
And with his lofty Head ſalutes the Skies.

# A DESCRIPTION OF LANGDON,

## One of the Seats of SHILSTON CALMADY, *Esq*;

## Situate near *PLYMOUTH* in the County of *DEVON*.

PRepare, my Muſe, a Country-Seat to ſing,
And for each Beauty there, fit Words to bring;
Ye ſacred Bards, inſpire my homely Pen
And your bleſt Genius once revive again,
All can't ſucceed who with their Arms court Fame,
Nor all be *Dryden*'s that admire the Name.

The Houſe, I ſing, with a fair ſight is bleſt,
Of all, which craving Man can wiſh, Poſſeſt:
Firm, as the Rock on which 'tis built, it ſtands,
Gentle, as can be wrought by skilful Hands,
Laughs at the boaſting Threats of raging Storms,
Nor feels the ill Effects of marſhy Harms.
Its Situation's near a Market-Town,
The Town that by the Name of *Plymouth*'s known,
*Plymouth*, that Nurſe of Trade, that famous Port,
Where from all Nations Multitudes reſort,
All its Conveniencies this Seat enjoys,
(Uninterrupted by a City-Noiſe;)
No Town-Diſorders, here intrude at all,
To ſow'r the Bleſſing or its reliſh pall.
To the gay Fabrick as your Courſe you bend,
Five gradual riſings neat you firſt aſcend,
Th'approach, advancing thus by ſlow degrees,
Serves too for Ornament as well as Eaſe.
In Statue, chaſt *Lucretia* here, diſtreſt,
The guilty Sword ſtill plunges in her Breaſt.

Oh!

Oh! * *Mercury*, no wonder here thou ſtayſt,
And thy return to *Jove* ſo long delayſt,
The God, whatever or to whom, 'twas meant,
On ſome important Embaſſy was ſent,
But ſpying in his way, this ſtately Dome,
Likes *Langdon* better than his heavenly home:
The Parlours next we view, but by the way,
Lets the wide Stair-Caſe, leiſurely ſurvey,
Obſerve the heighth, and the ſurpriſing length,
Admire the Model, and convenient Strength;
Pleaſant Amuſement ev'ry Object lends,
Prints rival Prints, and Paint with Paint contends.
Here drowſy *Vulcan* in a tame repoſe,
Claſps in his tawny Arms, his beauteous Spouſe;
Had *Mars* been near, the Dame had him beſpoke,
And the dull marry'd God a Cuckold 'woke;
The wealthy Earth grown laviſh of her ſtore,
Preſents her Treaſures to adorn the Floor,

* *Another Statue confronting the former, both ſtanding at the entry into the Houſe.*

Her glittering Marble liberally bequeaths,
To deck the Halls and beautify the Heaths,
Both Art and Nature in a treaty joyn,
On's to bring Matter T'other to refine;
Look through the Window you'll a Garden see,
And in it read a Tragick-Hiſtory,
The Hero *Perſeus* in Effigie lives,
*Andromeda* with endleſs Sorrow grieves,
Chear up, fair Nymph, nor of hard Fate complain,
To your Relief appears a valiant Swain;
But oh! She's done! She's wept her ſelf adry,
More Tears, there's left no Matter to ſupply,
This Scene of Woe would ev'n *Meduſa* move,
Nay ſenſibly affects the † God of Love;
See in the Fountain there, the am'rous Blade,
With frequent, bathing cools his leach'rous Head;
Ne'er thinks of Love again.

* *Other Statutes in the Garden before the Parlours.*

† *In the middle of the Garden ſtands a Fountain with the Statue of a Boy in it, who whenever the Fountain Plays, ſpouts on his Head.*

Here *Janus* too more naturally ſhines,
Than in bright *Ovid*'s all expreſſive lines;
Down the deep Vault let's next of all deſcend,
And for a while the Wonders there attend,
Out of a ſolid Rock the Cellar's hewn,
And Streams of Claret flow within th'embowel'd Stone;
The Gardens next our ſtrict Obſervance claim,
Ev'n they alone had been a copious Theam;
To what vaſt length the Terraces extends,
Bounded by tall Pinaſters at each End;
A Thouſand various Objects feaſt our Eyes,
The kind effects of th'engliſh Paradiſe:
The Lawrel, Box, the Cedar, and the Yew,
Let's ſtrictly mark their ſtrange Productions too,
On Trees unfeather'd Fowl and leafy Cattel grow.
As to yond Green-houſe quickly you arrive,
Mark how the Orange-Trees and Myrtles thrive,
She when th' indulgent Sun his Beams diſplays
As frankly * opens to receive his Rays,

* *The Saſhes being thrown up in fair Weather.*

He to the lifeleſs Seed gives Form and Force,
She acts the Mother and the tender Nurſe,
Protects 'em from the rough unruly Storm,
And with maternal care preſerves 'em warm,
A vegetable Caſtle guards the Wall,
With pointed Paliſades even natural;
Here gentle Auſter whiſpring through the Trees,
Regales the noſe with its Balſamick Breece;
See the tall Beeches there exalt their Creſt,
In Pans gay Livery the Pines are dreſt;
They'n ſpight of Snow or the ſevereſt Air,
Still the Gods Bounty reſolutely wear:
All uſeful Ornaments may here be found,
Fiſh-Ponds and Walks the happy Houſe ſurround,
And Holmes and ſilver Firs bedeck it all a-round.
But ſince Variety does always pleaſe,
The ſpacious Warren next my Muſe ſurveys;
But ſtops what means this long ſtupendous *Piſe,
Let's in a Tranſport view the ſame a while;

* *A very long Brick-wall.*

Seth

*Seth* for Brick-building heretofore was Fam'd,
But let not now his Work again be nam'd;
No more a Wonder we'll his Pillar call,
'Tis far out-done by *Langdon*'s Warren Wall:
See the mute Actors on the rural Stage,
Shifting their various Poſtures like the Age;
Each Sentinal gives tacitly th'alarm,
And with * prophetick Feet, foretels th'approaching harm.
Our Hours thus ſpent paſs unperceiv'd away,
But leaſt the Spectacle ſhould you delay,
And it alone uſurp the leiſure of the Day:
A Dial to inform how Time ſteal on,
Keeps conſtant Pace with the unconſtant Sun.
A Pleaſure-houſe within the Warren ſtands,
And a full Proſpect all around commands;
On this Side *Pan* Preſides on Woods and Plains,
On t'other *Neptune* uncontrouled Reigns:

---

* *'Tis the Nature of theſe Creatures, when apprehenſive of Danger, to ſignify their Fears one to another by beating the Ground with their Feet.*

The

The floating Wood we at a distance ken,
Big like the *Trojan-Horse* with armed Men;
With a keen Keel each Plows the yielding Sea,
And through the pathless Ocean cuts her way;
The Banners loosely flowing in the Air,
Presage some dire Exploit is near;
*Neptune* is calm but surly *Mars* enrag'd,
The Signal's giv'n and the Fleet engag'd;
The Hero's proudly wading through their Blood,
With human Thunder Serenade the God;
With Musick sweetly rough in Martial Peals,
They thus undaunted ring themselves their Knells:
Brave Souls that thus their Lives durst Sacrifice,
On their own Clouds are wafted to the Skies.
See there the towring *English Alps* appear,
Free from th'inclemency of *German* Air;
My Muse half tir'd Surveys the steep ascent,
Views the slow distance and the vast extent:
Here from its top a Landskip you command,
Drawn by Dame Natures own unerring Hand:

The

A Thouſand Objects now your Eye skips o'er,
The Seas, the Woods, the Incloſures and the Moor:
The greedieſt Man's extravagant Requeſt
May here be granted, and his Maſter bleſt:
O happy Mount had thy Fame rung ſo far,
As to have reach'd *Apollo*'s ſacred Ear,
He'd left *Parnaſſus* to enjoy *Brentar*.
My feeble Muſe attempts an higher Flight
Alas, but ſinks beneath her own dull Weight
All heavy Bodies t'wards their Centre tend,
So ſhe begs Pardon, and her Song muſt end.

---

*FINIS.*

A Thousand Objects now your Eye skips o'er,
The Seas, the Woods, the Incolures and the Moor:
The greedieſt Mans extravagant Request
May here be granted, and his Maſter bleſt:
O happy Mount had thy Fame rung ſo far,
As to have reach'd Apollo's learned Ear,
He'd left Parnaſſus to [illegible],
My feeble Muſe attempts an higher Flight
Alas, but finks beneath her own dull Weight
All heavy Bodies t'wards their Centre tend,
So the begs Pardon, and her Song muſt end.

FINIS

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